

THE GREATEST FEAST OF BEAUTY NEW YORK HAS EVER SEEN.

THE JOURNAL GIVES A LUNCHEON TO MISS STUDHOLM AND Mlle. CLEO.

MOST FAMOUS BEAUTIES OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE MEET AT THE WALDORF.



The Two Great National Beauties of France and Great Britain Meet to Discuss Beauty and Compare Their Own Individual Charms.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1897.
Cleo de Merode, in her temporary boudoir, through the lips of her maid, who carries her words into the hallway.
"La Studholme? Qui? Who? Ah, the little Benglesh! Vraiment. You must excuse. Impossible! My engagement!"
A voice is heard to hiss: "But, mademoiselle, the advertisement!"
The French dancer gives the French shrug to the shoulders. The maid reflects it in the hallway as she asks: "Where, then? Where?"
Same date. 1-73
Behind the scenes at the Knickerbocker. Marie Studholme, changing costumes between the acts—through the crack of the door.
"To meet Merode, did you say? Who is she? Well, now really, you don't say? Beautiful? Couldn't, don't you know. Awfully sorry, but!"
"Immense ad!"—A stenorian voice filled the anteroom.
Marie Studholme opened the door an inch further. It was to ask the hour.
September 18.
"Quel plaisir!"
"What happiness!"
"Tout la vie!"
"For years!"

"J'ai desire!"
"I have longed!"
"Ah ma chere!"
A touch on both cheeks
"My dear friend!"
A kiss resounded on Merode's lips.
The French dancer, Cleo de Merode, and the Gaiety girl, Marie Studholme, lunched together on Thursday last at the Waldorf.
No shirt waist held stiffly her low-busted figure, no rigorous tailor-made gown bound her supple form, no stiff collar encroached her long throat. You have guessed—I speak of the French woman. She was in a creation.
It is difficult to describe it.
A creation in couturiere parlance means only one of a kind. As Cleo de Merode is the only coryphée with luxurious bands—shades of royalty, I had almost written bonds!—so her gown was of pattern unique. It was part of her, part of her beauty, part of her individuality, part of her figure, an accentuation, not a concealment. It was of no richer stuff than linen, of yellow tone, finished at the neck with a soft rumpled collar of the same hue. A picture hat, with a couple of black feathers, surmounted it.
The little "Benglesh" denied dress. She was pretty in spite of it. Instead of making it accessory, she triumphed over it, scorned it.
Is her indifference ignorance? Or is it a belief in the old adage, "Beauty unadorned is beauty most adorned?" Whichever and

whatever, none the less and in spite of, she chained the eyes of her companion.
In pink of the baby hue, that no one who couldn't boast a perfect complexion would dare to assume, without a jewel except three rings that have accompanied her for seven years, in a frock fashioned by her own small hands (size of glove 5 1/2), a single rose at her bosom, a crown of English curls about her head, the ears as completely covered as those of Merode herself. She said: "My dear friend."
They smiled at each other across the table, which shows that each was still pleased with herself.
Neither of them looked at me until she had to. It became an obligation when one wanted to say to the other: "You are beautiful." This I interpreted.
Cleo de Merode answered: "Oh, la-la-la-la."
Marie Studholme said: "Ah, come now."
And we were started.
By common consent, we veered to the men. Naturally, we seemed to talk of money first.
"It is a crime for a man not to have money," said Cleo.
"I have met some charming criminals, then," said Studholme.
"They knew music, they could write a pretty poem and had an air of believing they were happy?" asked Cleo.
"Must a man be an artist?" questioned the other, instead of replying.

"Not absolutely, but he must be, above all, a gentleman. You know what Iago says. 'Above all, do not forget the money!'"
"You are well acquainted with Shakespeare, mademoiselle?"
"Not at all."
They threw words at each other like elastic balls in a game.
"I like to see a grand ballroom full of women in evening dress and dazzling with jewels. They drag behind them, as they walk, trails of Empresses. They are superb, they are magnificent, and they make one say 'How great the men are who have produced all this sumptuousness!'" Cleo said.
"How graceful the art which makes this sumptuousness possible!" Studholme said.
At this point a ray from the golden sunlight streamed full upon the face of the Frenchwoman.
"Is it milk?" asked the Englishwoman, with some anxiety.
The question was repeated several times before Cleo de Merode understood that a transparent skin, as delicately veined as some rare bit of china, might be attributable to a special method. Anna Held's name was thrown down in explanation.
"Ah, I see; I see. But what, then, is the matter with the water? It must be sticky, the milk! Champagne? I like better to drink it. But Bass's ale I prefer to any!"
"For the bath!" screamed Marie.